Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him.
Egeus. Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lysand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of single life.
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I must employ you in some businesse,
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

Of some thing, nerely that concern
Ege. With duety and desire, we fol
Lysand. How now my loue? Why i
How chance the roses there doe fad
Her. Belike, for want of raine: wh
Beteeme them, from the tempest of
Lis. Eigh me: for aught that I coul
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did run
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O crosse! too high to be inth
Lis. Or else misgraffed, in respect
Her. O spight! too olde to be ing
Lis. Or else, it stoode vpon the cho
Her. O hell, to choose loue by anot
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy i
Warre, death or sickneese, did lay sie
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dre
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heau
And, ere a man hath power to say, be
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure
So quicke bright things come to con
Her. If then true louers haue bin e
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dre
Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies fo
Lys. A good perswasion: therefore h
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and she hath no ch
From *Athens* is her house remote, sea
And she respectes mee, as her only so

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29)